ROLLS ROSIE

By IRMA BENJAMIN

I spent an hour trying to discover the rattle in my car and then found it was grandma's teeth. She'd never been riding with me before.

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I'd enter the beauty contest if I knew what kind of car I'll have to drive when I win.

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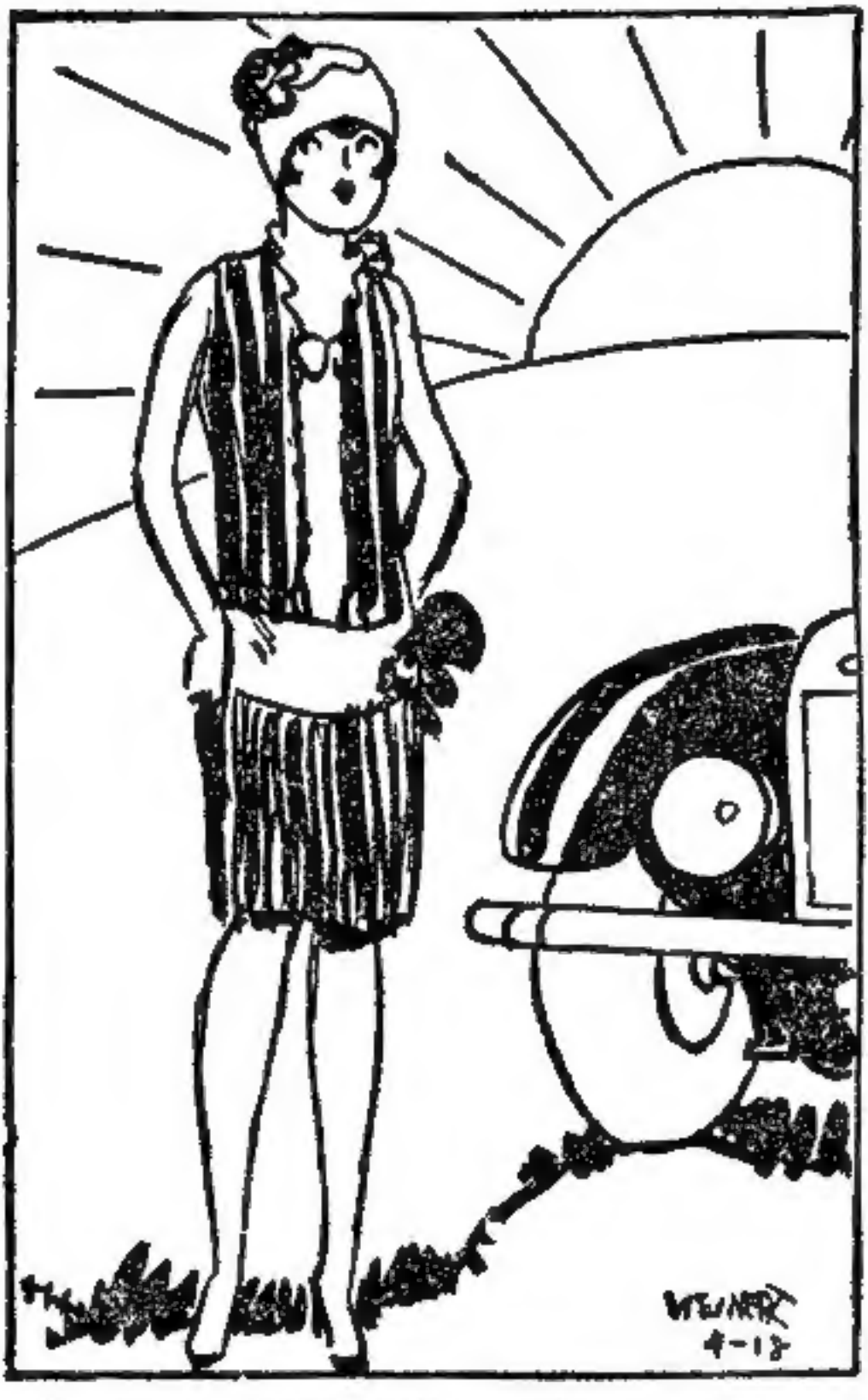

I read yesterday where "moonshine" killed a man, so I'll just drive in the sunshine after this.

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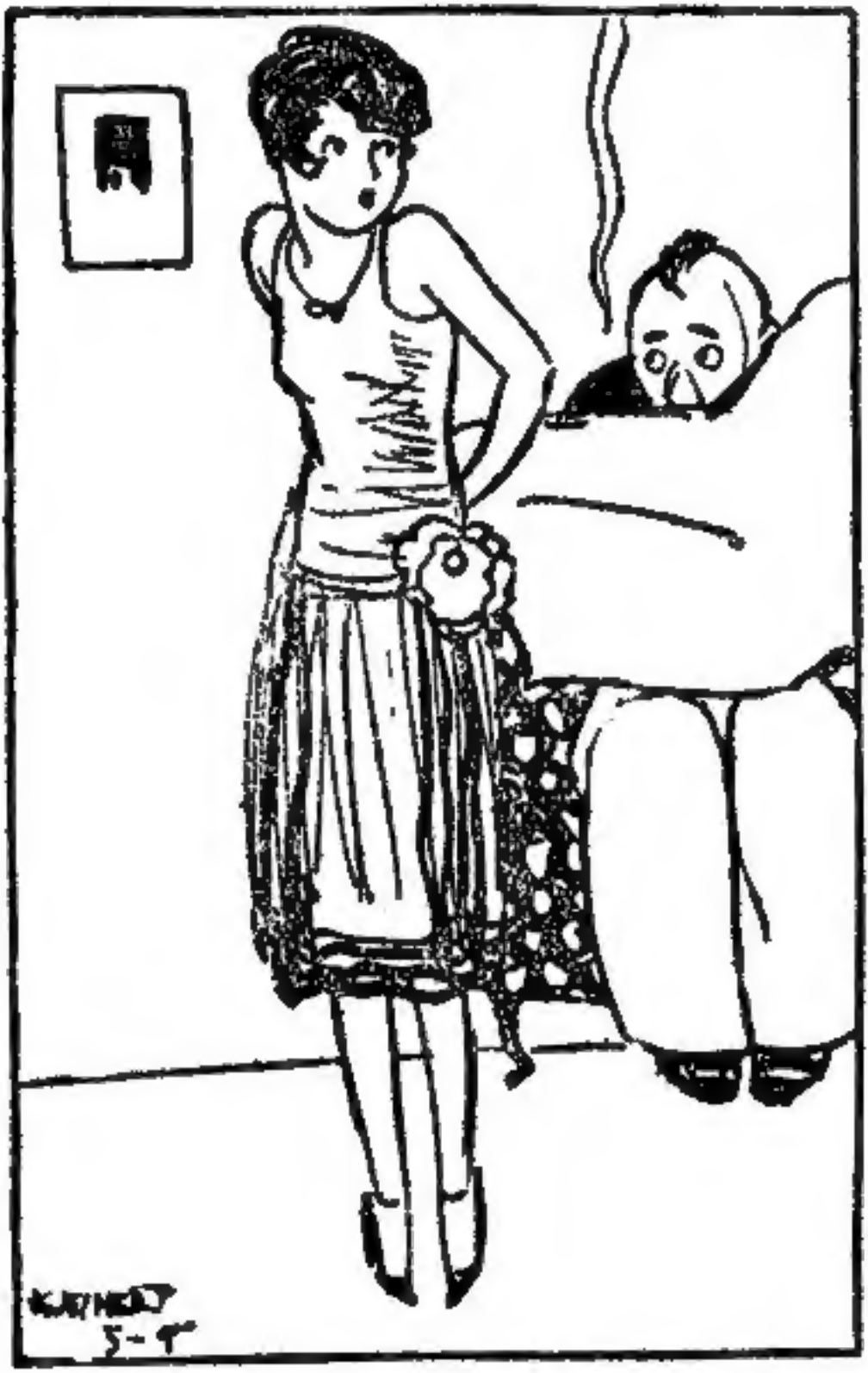

Dad told me my dress was too long today. Gee! But I was "flapergasted."

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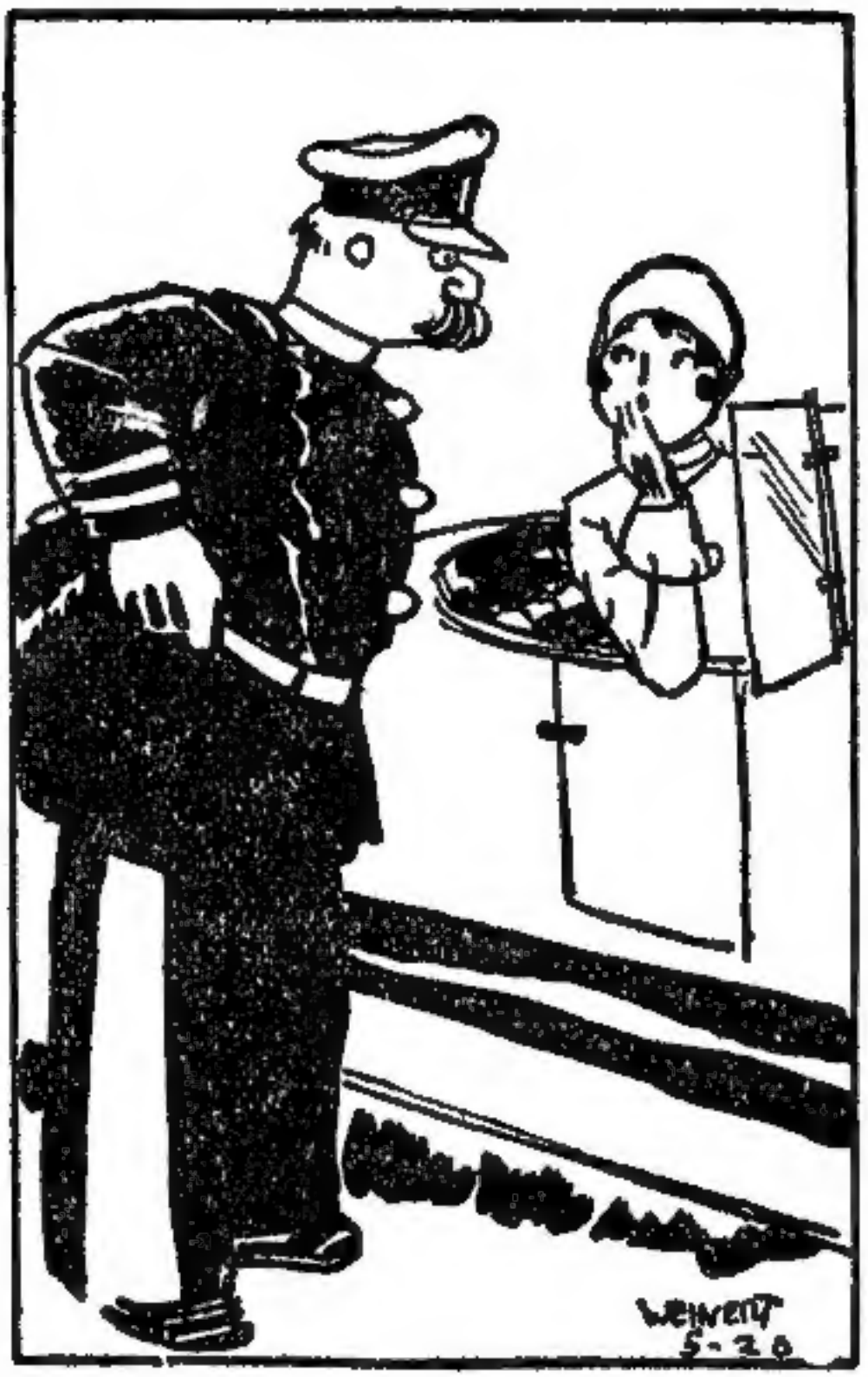

I can't see the safety in those "safety zones." I drove into one today and I thought I was going to be killed by the cop.

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Mother wants dad to get a toupee, but I think a car for just two people is terribly selfish.

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I'd rather see dad break the prohibition law than always be complaining that his spirits are so low.